

BITTERSWEET

By: Valkyrie136

SUMMARY: Malfoy takes advantage of Hermione at school...will he come to terms with his obsession?

COMPLETE INFORMATION

Located: Harry Potter > Het - Male/Female> Draco/Hermione

Content Tags: Anal Angst Bigotry COMPLETE H/C Herm Humil Preg Racist

Posted: 2014-10-11 -:- Edited: 2014-11-13 22:50:02 -:- (47) Read Reviews

-:- Dragon Prints: 27080 -:- Chapters: 28/28 -:- URL: <http://hp.adult-fanfiction.org/story.php?no=600098144>

Table of Contents

Chapter 1: Bittersweet	2
Chapter 2: Sharing is Caring.....	3
Chapter 3: Filth.....	6
Chapter 4: Rape & Obliviate	8
Chapter 5: Dazed & Achy.....	10
Chapter 6: Merciless.....	11
Chapter 7: Loss of Time	15
Chapter 8: Apples Taste So Sweet.....	18
Chapter 9: Our 'First' Time	20
Chapter 10: Jealous Rage.....	24
Chapter 11: Summons.....	26
Chapter 12: Caught.....	28
Chapter 13: No Tears.....	31
Chapter 14: Truth.....	32
Chapter 15: Number Two.....	35
Chapter 16: What's Wrong With Ron?	36
Chapter 17: Kill.....	37
Chapter 18: I Want You Draco.....	37
Chapter 19: Trickery	41
Chapter 20: Violence	42
Chapter 21: Aftermath.....	44
Chapter 22: Disturbed Plans	45
Chapter 23: Mortal Enemies Unite.....	47
Chapter 24: Lucius Is Not A Moron	48
Chapter 26: Horrifying Discovery	51
Chapter 27: Bad Girl.....	53
Chapter 28: Once Upon A Time	54

Chapter 1: Bittersweet

It was a day like any other; passengers hurried to and fro to catch their trains but none were aware of the occasional cluster of people who disappeared between platforms nine and ten.

Perhaps they chose not to see them; either way for Hermione Granger who looked forward to her sixth year at Hogwarts, she could only hope that this year would be slightly less dangerous than those before.

Once she stepped onto Platform Nine and Three-Quarters, she turned and embraced her parents, both who cautioned to be careful this year. She gave them both an extra squeeze, just for good measure, then turned towards the Express.

Now where are they, she thought as her eyes flickered over the hoards of students. She saw brown hair, dark hair—no, that was too tame to be Harry, so she focused for the tell-tale red hair of Ron because wherever he was Harry was sure to be close behind.

Ugh, platinum blond hair most definitely not Ron.

Hermione's distaste was only brief; because she soon caught sight of two red heads and a grin broke out on her face. Quickly she delivered her trunks to be loaded aboard then hurried over, murmuring 'excuse me's' as she made her way through the enormous crowd.

Finally, almost breathless, she was at the side of her best friends in the world—Ginny had long since moved through the crowd to meet her friends but Harry was grinning at her, and she turned to look at Ron and felt her insides quiver in that unfamiliar way when one is looking at something exciting and new for the first time.

Except she had known Ron for six years now—and somewhere along the way she had begun to see him as more than just a friend.

Hermione, you are absolutely hopeless, she thought silently, as she felt her insides bubble when Ron grinned and said, "Hermione, I missed you this summer!"

"Really? I'm sure you did just fine, romping around the continent with your brothers."

He shook her head, "Yeah, but it's never the same without you and Harry."

As she thought—he still saw her as a friend.

"How have things been Harry?"

Harry, who seemed to smile less and less lately, shrugged diffidently, "I can't confess to anything new. Perhaps tonight, we can catch up."

Hermione nodded, catching his meaning—there were ears and eyes everywhere.

After a couple more minutes of innocent conversation, during which Ron and Harry had playfully pretended to go at each other, they, boarded the train.

Ron and Harry went in search of an empty compartment while Hermione went to first exchange

a few greetings with other Gryffindor girl's before she was swept up in the evening's festivities.

As she backed out of the compartment, laughing, she was not paying attention to where she was going and walked head first into a breathing brick wall.

"Ouch, excuse m—"

Her words died in her throat as she looked up into the pale face of Malfoy.

Except it did not precisely happen that way.

Hermione's eyes had been on the ground, her head had hit the brick wall, and still smiling but blushing in embarrassment, she had righted herself and looked up...

Into eyes so frigid they could turn water to ice.

Before she could shake away her surprise, Malfoy shoved her roughly into the wall, "I'll have to burn these now, mudblood." He spat the words, while delicately using his gloved hands to brush away his clothing.

She scowled at him—you would think she had flung dragon dung on his fancy black outfit—he looked like a young version of his evil father.

Before she could fling back a retort, he had moved past her, and she forced herself to count to three before making her way towards the other end of the train, where Harry and Ron awaited.

Except when she stepped inside, she found no Harry and Ron was currently chatting to Lavender Brown, who was fluttering her eyes and simpering quite openly.

For Hermione, it was like a blow to the stomach.

Willing tears to stay at bay, she returned Ron's wave when he spotted her, then quickly hurried away to find another compartment.

It'll be okay Hermione, she tried to soothe herself, he doesn't know you like him. All he sees is a pair of boobs; he doesn't know her. It'll be okay.

But she was never more unsure of herself.

Chapter 2: Sharing is Caring

Draco had kicked Potter once for good measure before joining the rest of his house in the Great Hall.

He hated being spied on almost as much as he loathed being bound to another. Even now the Dark Mark burned beneath his skin, a telling sign of his loyalties but a damnable reminder that he was still not his own man.

As he had watched everyone drinking their pumpkin juice and laughing like fools he had thought longingly of his fire whisky up in his rooms and imagined what it would be like to turn all those

smiles into horrified cries.

His lip curled and he glanced up, just in time to see the mudblood laugh at something the Weasel had said.

He had indeed changed his clothes after their run-in, before donning his house colors. How dare she look so...so happy in the face of his apparent dislike.

For all he hated the trio, Granger held a special place for his dislike. If Weasley represented the shame of the purebloods and Potter was the enemy then Granger was a physical reminder of all of Malfoy's inadequacies—because he could never accept a filthy muggle witch like her as anything but the trash she was—yet she challenged him constantly through her achievements.

He wanted to make her aware of how so beneath him she was, yet it seemed his taunts had lost their luster lately.

Which only made him hate her all the more—the other two he could rile with such ease, but not her. She was so bloody indifferent and happy. Always happy.

Turning, he found Zabini watching him.

“Galleon for your thoughts?” The darker boy, tanned from his Mediterranean roots, smoothly asked.

Draco redirected his gaze to focus on the stage, “I was merely imagining myself in more...serene surroundings.”

Zabini did not believe him at all but he played along with the game, “Perhaps your serenity might be pierced by the cries of a lady?”

Despite himself, a thin smile appeared on Draco's face, “Perhaps. Do you have anyone in mind?”

“There are Slytherins aplenty, of course, always willing. But perhaps you might wish something more challenging? Perhaps a Ravenclaw?”

Malfoy tilted his head sideways, as if considering what his friend had to say, “No, I don't have the patience for that. Can you procure a Slytherin for me? A virgin? Willing, too.”

“Willing is easy, but virgin, that may be slightly more difficult. Do you care how young it is?”

“Not particularly, so long as it looks like a female.”

Zabini chuckled, “That I can do.”

After Dumbledore's cryptic speech warning everyone of invading darkness, yada yadayada yada, Draco made his way upstairs.

Zabini delivered as promised, the girl was willing, if a bit smaller than he desired, but her tits were a pleasant handful.

He ploughed into her, fucking her mercilessly.

When he finished, he pulled out and unceremoniously pushed her away.

The girl was frozen for a moment, as if unsure of what to do in the face of his rage, but pulled herself up into a sitting position and shakily laughed, "Wow, that was intense." She moved to touch his arm, but he hissed, "Don't touch me."

She flinched, as if struck, and rolled over away from him.

Malfoy rose and quickly pulled on a pair of trousers just as a knock sounded at the door, and he pulled on a jacket, still shirtless, and filched for a Wizard's cigarette, using wandless magic to light it just as Zabini walked in.

The move was almost choreographed, and the girl on the bed—whose name he could not remember, was clearly confused, "I don't underst—"

"He likes to share." Zabini cooed, and her eyes widened.

Malfoy didn't stay to watch. He was already moodily walking down the hall towards the dungeons—they never did assignations in their rooms. That invited a kind of intimacy neither boy wanted.

The scent of sex was still in his nostrils as he strode down the corridor and he had the sudden desire to rid himself of the slags scent, so he murmured a quick scourgify.

He rounded a corner and stopped short when he caught sight of Weasley and Granger talking heatedly in the corridor.

Neither one looked happy, which made Malfoy happy.

"Ron, but you can't—"

"Hermione, I can't talk right now. Would you please just let me see what she wants?"

Her jaw dropped, and her lower lip trembled, "I think we both know what she wants Ron."

He threw his hands in the air, "Hermione, you're being ridiculous. I'll see you later, alright?"

Hermione watched him go, clenching her fists until they were white. Oh why was she so hopeless? Why was Ron so dense?

She wiped her eyes, and forced herself to breathe. She would not cry.

Malfoy, from his position, did not say anything, although a million different insults just waiting to be used ran through his mind.

It was so rare to be in the same vicinity as her and not be the one to make her upset, but since he had so little affect on her lately, he was both pleased to see her upset but at the same time irritated that Weasley had robbed him of his thunder.

She turned her back and made her way down the hall.

Malfoy waited until she rounded the corner before continuing on. Rather discomforted by his hesitation to seek her out and humiliate her, he cruelly hexed the first student he came across—he dully noted they were not of Slytherin and therefore open sport.

Of course, being Slytherin did not mean they were thick as thieves like the other mediocre houses—but there was a certain kind of loyalty within the walls of Hogwarts.

Kicking the student—a boy—in the stomach that he nearly cast up his accounts, Malfoy felt some of his mood restored before retiring to a peaceful slumber.

Chapter 3: Filth

It was two months since school had started and all Ron seemed to do was persistently drive little daggers into her heart every time he appeared with Lavender Brown.

Harry could provide little succor, and all Hermione could do was try to smile while cheering in the stands during the season's first game—Ron was keeper and Harry was captain how could Hermione not be there?

Today's match was against Slytherin, and Hermione saw Harry and Malfoy exchange words, as usual, but she had eyes only for Ron.

It was a terrible game—Slytherin won and there was nothing she could do to help Ron this time.

But it was only one match and there were always more to make up the loss.

Neither boy would speak to her in the common room; Ron wouldn't even speak to Brown, so finally irritated she had left to find someplace less gloomy to be.

She wandered down to the lake, and it was only as she settled down for a good read of her favorite, *Hogwarts, a History*, that she heard a shrill giggle that caused her to drop her book.

"Mmm, Malfoy, you're so good."

Oh God, she thought, her face flushing. Never had she overheard anyone in...well, such a position before.

But for it to be Malfoy...Ugh.

Her body literally shook in its revulsion.

Carefully, she tried to slink away, but it was not to be done.

"Malfoy, that mudblood is here. Ugh,"

Pansy Parkinson.

She went to stalk away, but Pansy and Malfoy were already sitting up—apparently the tall reeds

that grew so near the lake had been hiding them—and Pansy was holding Draco's oxford shirt to his body.

Hermione did not even glance at him, instead keeping her gaze glued heavenwards, and moved back towards the castle.

She made it only a few yards when something struck her from behind and she went sprawling face first in the dirt.

Dimly, she was aware of laughter, "Draco, she's as filthy as her blood now!"

Forcing herself to stand, her hand near her wand, she continued walking, not looking back once.

She was going to burst into tears any minute, and she would be damned if she cried in front of Parkinson and Malfoy.

She should have been more alert, but she was more distraught than she realized from Ron's involvement with Brown. There was also all her work and...

Stop making excuses.

Later that evening, Malfoy was relaxing in the Slytherin common room, resplendent in black, and tried to understand his unusual reaction to the mudblood.

He had let Pansy fondle him, and his response had purely been that of a guy responding—he in no way was particularly attracted to Granger—and he had patiently waited to cum while Parkinson sucked him—but then he had seen Granger, looking like she always did in her uniform.

She had glanced out at the lake, and the wind had stirred her frizzy hair—a barely contained mass of curls pulled back in a tie—before collapsing in a graceless heap in the grass.

She had looked so delicate and artlessly pretty in that moment—yes, he remembered thinking, pretty, before forcing Pansy to take him deeper and thrusting rather roughly into her mouth, all the while watching Granger and then an explosive orgasm shot through him, shaking him in its power, and very nearly causing him to cry out.

He had forgotten Parkinson, until she had brought attention to the fact that Granger was present, and like a guilty boy afraid of being caught doing something shameful, his response had been decidedly more violent than he normally would have dared so out in the open—if she told, then it would mean severe consequences.

But she had walked away—her head held high—like her sensibilities had been offended and that made him want to slap that look off her face.

How dare she presume to consider herself better than him?

She's nothing but dirt, he bitterly thought, and she should feel honored to breathe the same air I do, let alone attend the same facilities.

He took a swallow of firewhisky, and felt himself involuntarily stiffen as he imagined putting real

fear into her.

A slow smile began to take form on his lips—this was something that would alleviate some of the pressure from the Death Eaters, who seemed to constantly pester him with ways to kill Dumbledore.

Draco could not stop himself; he began to plot.

Chapter 4: Rape & Oblivate

Hermione was floating. There was no other way to explain her happiness.

She and Ron were dating! They had kissed—or rather, snogged until they were both quivering and he had quietly said he would see her at dinner. When she had asked why he was suddenly dismissing her, he had placed her hand on the bulge in his pants, and she had turned very red before telling him shyly Ok and fleeing the scene.

Initially, she had been planning on heading to the library, but was too excited to sit still. Instead, she had decided to go for a walk, hoping to calm herself down, through the castle.

Soon she found herself in a very familiar hallway—not far from the Room of Requirement—and wondered if perhaps she should pop in when she saw Malfoy coming out.

He looked like a gothic model, wearing nothing but black, yet pale with his longish equally pale blond hair.

His eyes locked on her, and he smirked.

Not even Malfoy could crush her spirits. She was in love! Love!

“Hello Malfoy!” She cheerfully said—and did she skip?—as she made her way by him. She might have, “Wonderful world, isn’t it?”

Malfoy felt his cock stir to be on the receiving end of her smile, so he could only conclude that it was entirely her fault, what followed.

“Awfully happy today, Granger?”

“Yes, I—“

His hand lashed out to painfully grab her arm, and she gasped in surprise, reality finally breaking through to her—this was Malfoy.

“Well I can’t have that, now can I?”

“Lemme g—“

She was stunned when he brought his hand over her mouth to silence her and, one arm around her waste, dragged her into the Room of Requirement.

He let her go, and as she reached for her wand, he disarmed her with an, “Expelliarmus!”

“Ah-ah-ah, can’t have you tossing curses in my direction, now can I?”

She was shaking now, her fear plainly visible. Hermione might be proud, but she wasn’t stupid. Only a fool would not feel fear in a moment like this.

“Malfoy, I don’t know what your game is, but when I tell Dumbledore—“

He laughed, and there was a raw tension as she waited, anticipated his next move. Was he finally going to kill her?

He lunged, and she found herself on the floor, pinned between his powerful legs, and she wildly tried to force him off, but it only seemed to make him happier, her distress.

Even then, she had not been aware of his intention, not until she felt the evidence of his arousal pressing against her belly—he was practically sitting on her, and she froze in horror.

As if to emphasize his point, he looked down at her look of frozen horror and rubbed himself against her, smiling like a villain.

She began to struggle more wildly then, and the only sounds for a few moments were light gasps and grunts, and she frantically clawed at him, tearing his skin, and he snarled, slapping her in response, and she cried out.

“Don’t, don’t—“

He pulled up her skirt and tugged her underwear down, plain cotton knickers, and he laughed derisively, “So fucking typical, Granger.”

She was crying, and bidding for one final moment to escape, she rolled over and tried to crawl away, but he caught her ankle and flipped her over back onto her back, and her head slammed against the ground so that she briefly saw stars.

She was dully aware of something big and hot pressing against her, as if seeking entrance, then screamed in agony when he tore through her, breaking her hymen and rendering her in two, it felt like.

She tried to escape, but he held her still, “Fucking mudblood, I hate you, do you hear me, I hate you.” He was hissing this as he began to move in and out of her, every movement causing her to cry out in agony.

“Stop, oh God, stop, it hurts--!”

“You don’t like it, Granger?” He sneered, “You don’t like my pureblood cock inside you? I thought all mudblood whores loved nothing more than to take it hard and wherever they can get it,” His face, in repose almost pretty, had twisted into something harsh and violent as he raped her.

His eyes rolled back in his head as he came, jerking against her as he filled her. The orgasm had ripped through him, even more satisfying than when Pansy had sucked him off, and he saw

spots before his eyes when he opened them again.

“Fuck,” He breathed, covered by a fine sheen of perspiration, resisting the urge to slump on her and instead arched away from her, still deeply buried in her.

After a few moments, he slowly pulled out of her with a wet pop, the sound of bodies separating, and immediately she scurried backwards, pulling her body protectively into a fetal position.

He stared stupidly at the blood on his cock, now soft, and smiled wistfully.

Of course Granger had been a virgin.

She had been perfect.

He would fuck her again, if he did not have practice soon.

Why not fuck her again? Later?

He carefully scourgified himself, then glanced at Granger, finally trembling before him and felt his lip curl again.

Obliviate!” He pointed his wand at her, then quickly took advantage of her confusion to scourgify her and fix her clothing.

Good as knew, minus the virginity, he thought proudly.

He left her like that, and for the first time in months went about his day happy.

Chapter 5: Dazed & Achy

Hermione was still walking on air.

She had been in such a daze since she and Ron had become ‘official’ that while in the library she had glanced up to note the time and realized she had been there for almost an hour!

I guess this is what they mean when love turns one into a fool.

Hermione concluded she was done for—this was only day one and she was losing her mind already!

Sighing, albeit achy—perhaps all the excitement was adversely affecting her?—she made her way to the hall for dinner and was met by Ron, who smiled just as bashfully at her.

Biting her lip, she shyly took his hand and together they strolled to the table where Harry was already eating.

“I think Malfoy is up to something,” Harry said, his eyes on the trios ‘everyday’ adversary, “He keeps behaving like he’s got something dark up his sleeve.”

“Hmm—“ Hermione was too busy savoring the sensation of Ron’s arm around her waist—she

positively went to mush at his touch, and flushed as she looked at Harry who was clearly irritated.

Trying for a normal tone, she said, "I can't imagine it is anything serious, Harry. I mean, what could he actually do here at Hogwarts? Even the Dark Lord is too afraid to try anything with Dumbledore here."

"Yeah," Ron said from around a bite of food, "the slimy git can't do anything, and if he were to try, it would probably not be anything we can't handle."

Harry rolled his eyes, "Forget it."

Hermione wished she could comfort Harry, but at the moment she could only think of Ron and how right this all felt.

Malfoy glanced up occasionally to study Granger with Weasley and was quite proud of his handiwork—she had completely forgotten their brief little interlude and had quite easily accepted his new memory.

He stabbed his food, irritated inexplicably by how bloody happy the two of them looked together.

Yes, he could give her the gift of his pureblood seed and she could reject it like the filthy mudblood she was but he had done her a favor by letting her think she was still a little mudblood virgin.

Weasley touched her lip, and Malfoy felt like gagging—to see a Weasley in season was like watching something terribly wrong and unclear.

She laughed at something he said and he felt a scowl touch his face.

Why was she so fucking happy?

"Problems, Malfoy?" A smooth voice said from beside him.

"It's disgusting to be witness to such a spectacle."

Zabini followed Malfoy's gaze and smiled slightly, "Ah, the shame of all purebloods is courting a mudblood. I think they suit rather well since neither will make it to see their progeny."

Malfoy's face twisted into a strange semblance of a smile, "I would kill them myself before bearing witness to such a travesty."

Zabini chuckled softly, "Hopefully it will be sooner rather than later."

Malfoy did not reply—he doubted he would have little trouble ending the lives of such annoying thorns.

Chapter 6: Merciless

Hermione had left Ron for practice and was on her way currently to the Greenhouse so as to inspect the growth of her Laughing Lilies—a strange plant that laughed whenever you touched them—then tried to snap your fingers off.

In many ways, they reminded her of a Venus Fly Trap—only far more deadly. If one ever ran through a field of said plant, they'd be mincemeat in mere seconds.

But apparently when the flowers laughed so hard that they cried, the tears could be captured and used as an antidote.

So she was here to inspect the plant—and hopefully try to find a way to get them to weep without having her fingers snapped off.

Because she was coming from the opposite of campus, she took the less-traveled path alongside the green house, and carefully stepped over pots.

She rounded a tree and came to a sudden halt when she saw Malfoy leaning rather comfortably against the bark on the other side.

His arms were crossed, and his eyes closed, almost in sleep.

He looked as gloomy and evil as ever—like the pale attractive villain in a film.

But invariably, she quickly decided, Malfoy could only be cast as the conniving liar or a charismatic sociopath.

Despite her outward calm, she was incredibly unnerved to cross his path. She didn't know how he had managed to put a chink in her carefully constructed armor, but for whatever reason he just made her want to put as much distance between them.

Pretending not to have seen him, she continued walking.

Malfoy let her think she was safe from him, and treasured the sense of masculine power only someone in his position could feel while stalking such unsuspecting prey.

He covered the distance between them in a few measured strides, and grabbing her tiny waist, he roughly pushed her against the stone wall of the building, pressing his erection into the small of her back.

"Ack, Malfoy, have you bloody lost your mind!" She shrieked, struggling and wriggling to escape, which made him hiss in desire.

Hermione froze, and a quiet descended, punctuated only by the soft breeze and rustle of autumn leaves.

She felt his cock—how could she not feel the heat burning through layers of clothing?

"Malfoy...?" She whispered.

Her voice shattered the moment, and Malfoy wrapped one arm around her waist, holding her still, as he hurriedly shoved her skirt up.

His movements were not the controlled advances he shared with other girls. No, this was a frenzied Malfoy, after one thing and one thing only..

“Don’t, d-don’t!” She screamed, but her voice cracked, and she vainly struggled to reach for her wand, but he plucked it out of her pocket and tossed it in the brush behind her.

Malfoy kicked her legs apart, before using his free hand to unbutton his trousers, freeing his massive cock.

Sobbing, Hermione was horrified when he began to rub himself against her bottom—and was thankful for the thin barrier of her underwear, however long that would protect her.

Oh God, Ron, she wildly thought, save me, someone oh my God...

Malfoy leaned forward and licked the back of her neck, kissing the flesh there, before tugging her underwear to the side and plunging balls-deep into her.

She opened her mouth to scream, but no sound came out.

Although no longer a virgin, she had been unprepared and unwilling, and might as well of been.

Groaning in pain, Hermione started to collapse, but Malfoy’s steely grip held her up for his use while he mercilessly pummeled her.

Fuck, fuck, fuck, Malfoy’s brain ordered, So tight, so perfect, I’m inside Hermione Granger and it feels so good.

He felt his balls tighten as he realized this was Granger, mudblood, and it was those two words that had him shooting his load into her cunt.

He stood that way, holding her shaking body, racked by quiet sobs now, while he was bent over her, breathing heavily just above her head.

His free hand—the right—was pressed high above him against the cold wall. After all that he needed support too.

Only the second time and he rarely fucked a girl twice; yet Granger was proving to be the best fuck ever.

He glanced down at her small body, having never really looked at her before, and chuckled.

He was holding Hermione Granger, and never had a situation seemed more askew.

Pulling out of her, he pushed her from her, and watched her fall to the floor, a quivering heap in her uniform.

“Not so great now, are you Granger?” He sneered, and was pleased to see her flinch—his barb had hit the mark, “Think Weasley would want soiled goods?”

She didn’t say anything, and frustrated, he grabbed her by the chin and snapped, “Say

something!"

She spat in his face, and he froze, surprise, and then fierce anger building up in him.

She could see it too, and tried to scoot away, but he still had her in his grip.

"Lick it off." He said in a cool, even tone.

She blinked like an idiot.

"Lick it off, or I swear I will take you in your arse next and that you will certainly feel for a week."

She quickly complied, and clumsily swiped away the evidence of her hatred with her small tongue, which only made Malfoy think of better uses for her tongue. Already he was growing stiff at the thought.

"Down there, too." He pointedly said.

She gasped, and began to shake anew, "I c-can't—"

"Do it, or else." He hissed, shaking her once for good measure.

Malfoy stood and guided her head towards his massive cock, and grew annoyed with the look of disgust on her face, but she nevertheless began licking the crown, then the rigid length, and he groaned, fisting her hair

Pre-cum seeped out of the tiny slit at the head, and looked down at her from underneath veiled eyes, "Say you want my cum."

She pulled back suddenly, "No."

He pulled her hair with such force that she finally cried out, "I want your cum!"

Satisfied, Malfoy ordered her to open her mouth, and then pumping his cock he shot thick roapy streams of cum all over her face and mouth, and was satisfied to see the white mass run down her face and land in her eyes.

He sighed in bliss, but the sudden sound of the bell announcing the hour signaled an end yet again to his time with Granger.

Sighing, he put his clothes to right—an easy task—but Granger was a mess of tears and cum, and he needed to set matters right by erasing her memory yet again.

Muttering a quick scourgify over her still quivering form, Hermione quietly whispered, "Harry and Ron will end you when they find out."

Malfoy ignored her and pointed his wand, "Oblivate!" and 'Scourgify!"

Her eyes glassed over, and he lay her on the ground, making it look as if she had been sleeping, before continuing on her way.

But he could not stop himself from tracing the curve of her cheek before he left.

Chapter 7: Loss of Time

When she came too, Hermione looked around herself in complete confusion. When had she collapsed?

Checking her body for bruises, she was surprised that although her head was fine, there were finger shaped bruises forming on her hips.

“What in the--?” She carefully matched her fingers over the bruises, but it meant nothing—they just looked like a few fingers imprinted on her flesh.

Had she done that?

Could she have some sort of strange condition? This was the second time she had lost time.

“Maybe I had a seizure or something?”

She stood on shaky legs, and leaned against the side of the building for support for a moment before finally finding the strength to stand.

Strange, that achy feeling was back.

She thought of going to Madame Pomfrey, but she would prefer to find a solution to the problem on her own. After all, it could just be a surplus of pain delivered before her cycle hit—that would explain the ache.

But all the same, she chose to nix the visit to the greenhouse and made a beeline for the library instead. If she could at least read over some symptoms, just to make sure she wasn't going crazy or anything, she could rest in peace. Of course, if something was wrong, she could always go see Madame Pomfrey.

“I can't, wait a minute Ron!” Laughing, Hermione dodged Ron's attempt to catch her as they made their way into potions.

Embarrassed as their behavior attracted several pairs of eyes, she flushed a bright shade of red and looked contritely at her feet as Ron deftly closed the distance between them and took her hand.

“Please keep your hands to yourselves while within this class...” Snape drolled, staring pointedly at Hermione and Ron, “...and whenever within my eyesight.”

There were snickers and giggles as the two took their seats; Hermione's face was an even deeper shade of red, and a quick glance behind her showed Ron's face was as red as his hair, all the way up to his ears.

“Fuckin' mudblood whore,” She heard Malfoy's voice from directly behind her.

Immediately her embarrassment died away as something akin to rage boiled within her.

Carefully, she twisted in her seat and met Malfoy's pale gray eyes and quietly but carefully said, "Jealous, Malfoy? We can't all have the freedom to love so free—consider it your privilege as a pureblood."

She knew her barb had struck home—Malfoy, everyone knew, would no doubt marry Pansy Parkinson and unite two great pureblood families. She wouldn't be surprised if there was a marriage contract.

Turning back to face the front of the classroom, she ignored Malfoy with practiced ease.

After the lesson was finished, and Snape had deducted a satisfactory amount of points from Gryffindor—citing Neville's 'failure as a wizard to produce a child's potion' and Ron's slightly better potion.

As badly as Hermione wanted to leave with Ron, and perhaps, continue where they had left off [each time they snogged it seemed that it might happen], she chose to remain behind and wait for Neville while Snape undid the effects of the potion.

After all, if left alone with the mean professor and a bevy of Slytherins, since the classroom was in the dungeons, she would stand by him.

As soon as they exited the classroom, which counted as being out of Snape's sights in this part of the castle, half a dozen Slytherins loitered.

Hermione's hand hovered just above her wand as she and Neville sought the quickest exit.

Unfortunately for her, Theodore Nott stepped in front, arms crossed and smirked, "All alone Granger?"

She ignored him, "Come on Neville."

"Going to go swive Weasley?" A girl laughed, her voice high-pitched, "I bet he's already got her knocked up."

They all laughed, and despite herself, she felt her face redden, but all the same, she and Neville made their way out, unscathed, but unfortunately she did make eye contact with Malfoy, who was laughing at Nott's remark all the same.

Slimy git, she thought.

That night, Hermione was in a hidden alcove of Hogwarts, having snuck out with Ron under the invisibility cloak.

"You smell so good, Hermione." Ron nuzzled the side of her neck, and she melted, shivers racing up her spine and liquid heat pooling between her legs.

She was embarrassed by her bodies reaction, but she couldn't stop herself from running her hands through his hair, or pressing her breasts against his chest shamelessly.

His body never failed to send shivers down her spine—it was the body of a man, muscular—his hands were so big and she felt so...girly.

Ron could achieve the impossible and make her feel like a woman when everyone else saw her as Granger—the genderless albeit intelligent third member of the golden trio.

“So soft,” He breathed, “God I love you Hermione.”

He slid his hand up her waist, giving her hips a quick squeeze before sliding his hands underneath her blouse.

Hermione froze for a moment, then almost toppled onto him when his hands touched her breasts.

It felt so good.

She had never understood the male preoccupation with breasts or why girls let boys touch them down—she didn’t even think her breasts had much usage besides the purely biological but now she knew.

Hermione let her hands roam over his back while pushing as close as she could into his palms—when suddenly a strange noise caused her and Ron to abruptly freeze.

Ron turned around, and Hermione hid her face behind him while he confronted—she peeked out—not an irate teacher but Malfoy!

He started to clap his hands, slowly, evenly, and a cruel smile twisted his features, “What a show for the voyeurs, eh Zabini?”

“Couldn’t agree more,” And to her further humiliation, she watched the darker boy step put from behind Draco.

“I must confess, though, the moment I realized it was Weasel and the mudblood, it was disgust, not desire, that I felt.”

“But Malfoy,” Zabini began in a patronizing tone, “Not even a horny Granger doesn’t get to you just a little?”

“It’s disgusting, like glimpsing two monkeys mating.” He spat.

“Fuck of Malfoy, Zabini.” Ron snapped, so angry that his face was as red as his hair.

Hermione wanted the floor to absorb her, but could only content herself by hiding behind Ron.

“You would know a great deal, wouldn’t you Malfoy, having lived in the animal kingdom. When you were a...what were you? A ferret?”

Hermione had adjusted her blouse, and with all her clothing in the right place, she felt ready for battle.

Malfoy was so angry at her comment that she was certain he couldn't get the words out to insult her—his face was contorted in a vicious sneer, and he took a menacing step towards her.

Ron was ready to fight, and Hermione was ready to hex, and that was how Filch discovered the four of them, a gleeful smile on his face.

"Detention for all of ye," He was ecstatic, but neither side paid him any mind.

"This doesn't end here," Malfoy snapped.

"Oh sod off Malfoy," Ron bit back, "Find something productive to do with your time and quit bothering us."

Hermione looked at Ron in surprise—and felt a tiny smile twisting her lips upwards. Did Ron know how much it would annoy Malfoy to seem insignificant?

Lips pursed, Malfoy turned on his heel and almost as if he had snapped his fingers, Zabini turned and followed.

"Wait, come back 'ere!" Filch bellowed, following the two.

Watching the greasy Filch chase after Malfoy and Zabini was more than enough to douse their mood, even if the revelation of their spectators did not do otherwise.

The two walked back to the common room, quiet, but still holding hands.

Chapter 8: Apples Taste So Sweet

"Listen closely Granger," Malfoy was leaning casually against a desk, while he bit into an apple, "You asked for this. If you could just learn to know your place then I wouldn't have to do any of this."

Hermione was curled into a tight ball, naked from the waist down while the sheer force of her sobs caused her entire body to shake.

She had been walking to the library—like any other day—when she had been hit with a stupefy spell and was dragged into an unused classroom by Malfoy of all people.

She had expected him to hex her again, or leave her in a closet until someone had discovered her.

He had cast a silencing spell over the room.

She had been completely shocked when he had unceremoniously removed her skirt and proceeded to rape her.

She didn't know what was more horrific—his assault or the fact that he seemed to enjoy her struggles.

Afterwards—when he had spent himself inside of her—he had assumed the position near the

table.

“How many times must I show you your proper place? How often will I have to punish you?”

Sighing, he tossed the apple core across the room and braced his hands on the table, arching his body away so that he indeed did look like he was posing for a photo.

Malfoy knew she had no idea he had raped her a few times away, and while he took deep pleasure in her ignorance, he at the same time wished to see the knowledge of his crime reflected in her eyes.

Hermione hated him so much in that moment, but she was afraid too. She had never known Malfoy could be capable of such violence—yes his father was a Death Eater, but they went to school together.

Harry had been right when he had said the boy was dangerous, and Hermione had always dismissed him as a spoiled git.

She had been so wrong.

Now Malfoy sauntered over to her and gracefully dropped to his haunches, “Granger, it doesn’t matter—you’re not going to remember any of this. Count yourself blessed—you get what most girls dream of.”

She launched herself at him, clawing at his face as best she could, but Malfoy easily caught her grasping arms—not before she had scratched his neck, and then he slammed her into the ground.

“Granger, you make me want to punish you all over again when you do that,” He sounded amused, but the glint in his eyes showed he was anything but.

He forced her legs open and settled himself in between, and rubbed himself provocatively against her.

Strange how him and Ron were so different—both physically and psychologically. Why was this happening to her? What would...Ron do when he found out? Would he reject her? Accept her?

These thoughts flitted through her head in a panic as Malfoy prepared his next assault.

Malfoy hesitated, then leaned down and kissed her on the mouth.

It had been so unexpected, and he seemed as surprised as she was.

As if to punish her for the unexpected kiss, he did it again—only he bit her lip so hard she bled.

She pushed at his shoulders, but she might as well of been banging a wall.

He thrust inside of her, and she cried out—it hurt so much—but then he looked down at her, and a twisted sneer on his face, began to move extra slowly in and out.

Hermione tried to cover her face with her hands—how could he do this?—but he pinned them

above her and stared down at her.

She was humiliated when her body began to flood with the same heat she felt around Ron.

Malfoy began to pick up his speed when he saw her eyes widen, but kept a slow enough pace so as to ensure she felt pleasure.

Hermione would have preferred he'd kill her than force this kind of feeling upon her.

She bit down on her lower lip to keep from crying out as she orgasmed—her first ever—and Malfoy tensed, then picked up his pace before spilling himself inside of her.

"You see Granger," He smiled cruelly, "A perfect receptacle for my desires."

"I hate you, I hate you, I hate you!" She whispered frantically, and Malfoy pulled out of her suddenly.

He scourgified himself, then stared at her, long and hard, while she brought her knees to her chest and rocked back and forth.

"I think when next we meet I will have to take better care of you." He was speaking more to himself than to her, "I can't have you running about with missing knickers, or heaven forbid a torn skirt." He paused, that same frightening smile dancing across his features, "Although I would love to see you try to explain that one to the Weasel."

He raised his wand, and uttered a quick Obliviate.

Chapter 9: Our 'First' Time

Hermione lay perfectly still, then very carefully peered around the corner to make sure no one—especially Filch wasn't around.

Tonight was the night. It was going to happen.

Her and Ron were going to do...that.

She was both scared and elated. Her heart was pounding in fear, excitement—a million different feelings. She felt a little guilty—her parents had always told her—not until your married! Abstinence is always best—but she loved Ron—and besides, it wasn't like she wasn't taking the proper precautions.

Yes, she was ready. Nervous. Afraid—after night she would be different.

Running down the hall, she weaved to dodge the prefects—of course she knew their schedule. Why wouldn't she? She had mapped this, planned this—it was going to be beautiful.

It was a short jog to an empty classroom, but Ron was already there. She quietly slipped in, and shut the door behind her, and locked it.

Turning around, she felt her breath leave her.

Candles—so many candles everywhere—floating—and surrounding a little pallet that had been made in the middle of the room. Desks had been cleared, of course.

It was romantic—like something out of a cheesy movie. She had always rolled her eyes at this kind of display, but she was overwhelmed, and had to blink back tears.

To think someone had done this for her.

Someone loved her enough to set all of this up...it was wonderful.

Ron was seated in the middle of the make-shift bed, candlelight illuminating his red hair; making it look like fire.

He'd already removed his shirt, and so in nothing but his black trousers he looked...sexy. Masculine. His muscles stood out in sharp definition and she could see the Quidditch player.

She suddenly felt shy; an uncommon and alien feeling in Hermione.

He looked up at she looked away—anywhere, the ceiling, the floor—so he couldn't see her burning cheeks.

"You came." He whispered, and for once, he was serious.

This, this was important.

Hermione took a steadying breath. She came. She chose. She was ready, and she loved him. But she was a little scared.

She carefully made her way towards him, conscious of the sound of her breathing and the sound her footsteps made—it was all so loud.

Stopping at the edge of the pallet, she removed her robe, letting it puddle at her feet. Underneath she wore her pajamas—because what else could she wear? What if she had been caught on her way here?

But under that...

Under that she had purchased sexy lingerie—just for this occasion. It was the only 'sexy' lingerie she owned...everything else was cute in comparison.

She sat down next to Ron, and it was incredibly tense at first.

He was sitting there, and she was staring at her legs, wanting to move, but afraid too. She turned to look at him, when—

He wrapped an arm around her, and she melted, that was the only word to describe it. Ron's touches always melted her, made her feel afire. It was amazing that there was more beyond this act than just simple touching—because that alone seemed to suffice.

His lips moved against her, and his hands moved up her body, lifting her shirt before discarding

it over his shoulder.

She felt like giggling, as he stared at her breasts, encased in an over-the top black bra which practically made her breasts burst from the fabric. They looked bigger than they actually were.

He looked at them almost...reverently.

"You're so beautiful Hermione," He breathed, looking up at her, almost for permission, then touching them.

She arched into his palms, and he rubbed and squeezed her breasts, his breathing quickening along with hers and Hermione felt herself get wet between her legs.

Ron tugged at the bra, and removed that too, playing with her nipples, doing things that made her cry out in surprise, before leaning to kiss them, suck them---

She didn't think she could bear it.

Weak, she lay down, and stroked his hair while he ran his hands up and down her body. She shifted restlessly, wanting something, wanting him, and too shy to say it.

When Ron reached down to remove his pants, she immediately tensed, all of her fear returning to her.

When his pants disappeared, and she saw his penis, engorged and hard, all she could think about was will it hurt? Will it hurt? Will I mess up?

He reached between them, and stuck a finger inside, fingering her.

It didn't really hurt, and felt quite good, and when the second finger came, she was moving against his hand in small movements.

Dizzily, she thought, so that's what it feels like to have fingers inside of you.

He groaned, "Hermione, I have to—"

He positioned himself, and it was awkward at first because it was obvious he was trying to find the right place, but there was something deeply personal and beautiful about it as well.

This was her first lover, and as far as she knew, she was Ron's first. It was important that this be taken as seriously as the passion and love she felt for him—it may not be movie magic love, but it was real and there's.

It happened fast—he was sliding into her, slowly, carefully, trying not to hurt her.

She tensed—bracing herself for pain—but it did not really hurt as much as she expected. She had been prepared for pain—but other than a strange, stretching feeling, there was nothing.

Awesome.

When Ron was completely inside, he looked at her and she looked at him in wonder, and her

eyes were tearing. It had happened.

She had thought about this moment—and she was now no longer a virgin but it was strange it didn't matter; that was the farthest thought from her mind because Ron was gazing down at her, inside of her—and she felt so full. Filled with him, it was incredible.

He was concentrating on not moving, until she said:

"It's ok, I'm fine."

That was all he needed.

He started to move—out, and then in, and she gasped—shocked at the sensation, her eyes nearly rolling back in her head. The rhythm they established was strange and mismatched at first, but soon they were moving in tandem.

This, this she could get used to.

She wrapped her arms around him, and on a loud groan Ron came, pouring his cum into her. She felt it like a gushing of heat being released into her body.

He collapsed onto her and Hermione laughed, stroking his back. His skin was hot, and he was breathing heavily, but it felt good to have him on top of her like that.

She hadn't come—she'd been close—but it was okay. This was fine—and Ron felt so good on her—

He was suddenly pulling out of her, away, and his fingers were back inside of her. He didn't seem to care about the cum pouring out of her, his gaze was fixed on her pussy, and he thrust them in and out, quickly.

Hermione bit her lip, it felt good—but it wasn't enough—if she could just—

She reached down and touched the part of her that was aching—the tiny little piece of her flesh clit—and then she was shattering, shattering into a million pieces.

Ron watched her, and she was embarrassed, so embarrassed—she'd touched herself in front of him.

She rolled over to hide her inflamed face.

Ron was confused, "Did I do something wrong? Are you mad at me? Did I hurt—"

She bit her lip, "No—"

She turned and sat up, "I love you so much," and she threw her arms around him, wondering if insanity came with sex.

She was overflowing with feeling, and she wanted to sing and dance and tell everyone of her good fortune. She could tell the Dark Lord himself and it would be smashing.

Ron laughed, “God Hermione, don’t scare me like that.”

He stroked her back, and she sighed. Life was so perfect

Chapter 10: Jealous Rage

Malfoy toyed with the end of his quill.

Something was...different. He couldn’t quite put his finger on it, but something was different today.

He glanced down at his spider, which he had already transformed into a lizard.

McGonagall was sitting in the front of the room, reading from a large book.

He let his gaze slide for the dozenth time across the room and rest on Granger, who not only hadn’t transformed her spider, but kept looking at Weasley.

Every time they made eye-contact, she immediately looked away.

She looked embarrassed.

She looked beautiful.

She had a secret.

Malfoy grabbed his lizard by the tale until the end came off, angry.

He wanted to rip Weasley’s head off and hand it to her on a silver platter. He could just imagine the look of horror on her pretty face then.

His mouth twisted in an evil grin as he imagined it.

There would be so much blood, and Draco wouldn’t have to watch her snogging the red-head again—unless she had a predilection for necrophilia which he highly doubted.

He watched another tail grow on the lizard which was quite terrified and busy trying to scamper away.

It reminded him of Hermione, the way she always tried to flee him when he gave her the honor of his cock.

A new stab of jealousy pierced him.

She didn’t run from Weasley. Weasley who was weak and pathetic and didn’t have a pot to piss in. He was a fucking virgin, he wouldn’t know how to stick it in her if she wanted it; but he, Malfoy, could give it to her.

Scowling, Malfoy turned the lizard into a rock so it wouldn’t run anywhere.

What did any of this have to do with him? Who cared if she snogged Weasley, or if they even shagged each other?

He was just using her. Why the fuck would he care?

His gaze drifted towards her again, without thinking, and traveled up and down her form. Even in robes, her back to him, she provoked him.

Made him want to do nasty things to her.

Made him want to throw her down, tie her up, and shove his cock into her.

It was all her fault that he was like this. Stupid mudblood, if she were a pureblood things would not be this way.

If she were a pureblood...

He froze, for the first time imagining it.

As a pureblood, he could shag her without hiding it. He could—

Malfoy shook his head, dissolving whatever frightful and forbidden images were coming to mind.

Granger was his foe. His archfoe, more so than Potter—because she was a mudblood.

She was looking at Weasley again.

His temper was coming to a boiling point.

Hermione left Transfiguration, nervous and breathless.

Ron caught up to her, and there was a tingle of awareness that passed through them. The air was heavy, and she suddenly wanted to throw her arms around him and kiss him, touch him, but she didn't.

Not with so many people around.

So she settled with holding his hands, which was enough to make her melt—because she remembered where those hands had been, and what they had been doing, last night.

She never knew sex would be so awesome! Maybe it was because she was with someone she loved, or maybe they just had awesome chemistry—but whatever the case her first time had hardly hurt and had been magnificent.

Malfoy pushed them, his shoulder crashing into Ron.

“Oi!” Ron yelled, but Malfoy kept walking, without looking back.

Hermione was grateful; she loathed encounters with Malfoy. They always put her on edge and filled her to bursting with righteous indignation.

To be short, she truly did not like him.

“Let’s go see what Harry’s doing.” She said, pulling him in the direction of the Great Hall.

Harry was not eating but rather going through some correspondence.

They sat down, but the plan to pay attention to Harry was greatly overshadowed by their collective inability to stop paying attention to each other.

Harry quite literally disappeared from both of their memories.

Malfoy watched Weasley with Hermione angrily, unable to eat.

It was disgusting to watch.

He’d never seen them behave like this.

He had the sudden impulse to run over there and tear the two apart, which alarmed him to no end.

Since when did he want to do things like that?

She leaned in and o God they were kissing.

He clenched his teeth.

He was shaking. He looked at his nails, which were nearly buried in the table.

Looking for a distraction before he did something humiliating, he performed a hex that sent pumpkin juice spilling all over the Gryffindor table—and enough people scrambling that they had no choice but to separate.

Malfoy put his head in his hands.

He was going crazy.

He needed to stop shagging Granger. It had to be because of that.

He was almost afraid.

Almost.

Chapter 11: Summons

Malfoy was on his way to the dungeons when he felt it—a burning in his arm.

He didn’t have to check to know he was being summoned.

He bit his lip in pain and made a left, not stopping until he was outside of Snape's office.

The door swung open, as if expecting him, and he did not bother hiding his expression. The dark lord and Snape both thought he was a tool to be used—let them think he was weak.

Snape was sitting behind his desk, and on the desk was a bowl of water. He was glaring at him, but it was quite obvious what the water was for.

Malfoy straightened his back and stepped closer, and peered into the bowl. The surface was clear, and it was a moment before a pair of snake like eye's appeared, then faded away.

The water then showed a series of images—of Dumbledore, dead, being killed, by him.

Pictures spoke louder than words, and it was clear that Voldemort was very impatient with him.

Snape looked at him, as the water went clear again.

"A warning. Now leave and get to work."

Malfoy looked at a spot on the wall, and suddenly felt like laughing, but he spun on his heel and left.

He stared fixedly ahead as he walked.

Kill Dumbledore, Kill Dumbledore. Kill Dumbledore or Be Killed. Succeed and serve, fail and rot. Ha. Haha.

He shook his head and ran his hands through his hair.

He really...wanted to fuck Granger.

But he wasn't going to do that. Not anymore. Now he was swearing her off. He had a task to complete, and complete it he would.

The sooner the better. The sooner he finished his work, the sooner the world would be a better place.

He heard laughter, and flinched.

Granger.

Was she stalking him?

It was Day 1 and she was there already to piss him off and tempt him—no, she did not tempt him!

He felt his heart almost skip a beat.

He refused to let his gaze search her out and instead thought, how can I kill Dumbledore...

But inevitably his thoughts went back to Granger, whom, he reminded himself, he detested

above all things....

Thanks for the support guys and ladies; I am going to cycle through some of the old reviews [this is a respost, as I lost my account info under Lady Jane] and see if there was anything anybody thought I should do or maybe wanted to see.

Thanks magi; I am going to continue this because of your awesome support! Stay tuned, and hopefully by the end of tonight I have cleaned up some chapters and reposted something new. I hope the updates are timely, but I am now juggling this story and the story I just started [Lucius/Hermione] so please, thank you all for your patience!! I couldn't believe that this story had almost 20,000 hits! Granted that I wrote it a few years ago but wow! I think you all should not hesitate to let the criticism out before my head gets any bigger!

Please Review!!

Chapter 12: Caught

'Do you think anyone saw us?' Hermione whispered nervously.

She faked an illness—for the first time in her entire life and skipped class, another shocking first—in order to meet Ron in the infirmary.

Madame Pomfrey was currently treating a number of injured students from the Care of Magical Creatures Class.

It was raining outside.

Hermione could see the gray skies, and in the distance thunder rumbled.

Ron was sitting on one of the three available beds.

He caught her hand, and smiled, 'You should trust me more. I don't think anybody noticed...'

She glanced back nervously but he was pulling her down...

She quickly pulled the curtains around the cot close and saw that Ron had already freed his penis. It was the first time she really got to see it—it was kind of big, right?

And she felt herself turning red but allowed him to run his hands up and down her body. She trembled when his hands slipped under sweater and teased her nipples.

I want to kiss him.

She leaned forward, and he groaned.

He clumsily turned her over, so that she was beneath him, and he slid his hand up her skirt.

She was cold before, but now her body was on fire.

Their world had shrunk to just the two of them: their hot bodies, his heavy breathing.

Hermione felt as if she were floating on a river of pleasure.

His fingers played with her, and she became embarrassingly wet..

Her face flushed a deeper shade of red, and he was flushing as well.

Silly.

She knew all about reproduction. It was normal.

But she was so embarrassed.

He pushed her underwear out of the way—not taking it off—just moving the narrow strip of cloth that covered her privates, and thrust his fingers inside.

She bit her lip, trying to keep quiet. It was just so embarrassing, and then she began to jerk her hips, seeking those fingers, wanting them...

He was just about to push the tip of his cock into her—

The curtains were pulled open and she released a shriek, tumbling off the cot and covering her face with her hands.

Ron fell backwards, and was hastily setting his clothing to rights.

‘Disgusting.’

The unmistakable drawl of Draco Malfoy could be heard, and Hermione felt her humiliation increase. She would have preferred anyone, even Professor Snape, to him finding her.

‘What is the meaning of this?!’ Madame Pomfrey cried, angrily looking back and forth between Ron, and Hermione, who was hiding beneath her robes. ‘I am absolutely shocked, not to mention do you realize how many rules you two have broken? One hundred points from Gryffindor!’

She felt the dread build. Oh great, now everyone would know...

‘Back to your classes at once! And Mr. Weasley, I just want to say that a gentleman does not engage in this kind of sordid behavior in the school nurse’s office, or anywhere on school grounds for that matter! Both of you are underage!’

Ron muttered a sorry before seeing to Hermione. He touched her, and she flinched.

‘It’s alright, let’s go,’ He gently said, and she turned tearful eyes to him.

He looked serious.

Ron.

He knew how upset she was.

Ron took her hand and gave her the time to straighten her uniform before leading her away. She didn't know Malfoy was following them, because once they were out of ear shot, he hissed in a very audible voice,

'I don't know what disgust me more, seeing the mating rituals of a mudblood or your pathetically small thing.' He laughed, 'Guess none of the other purebloods would have you so you decided to soil yourself with that thing. I can see why—'

Ron turned and punched him hard, sending Malfoy stumbling backwards and into the wall.

Hermione was glad that he had hit him.

She wanted to.

But she did not expect Malfoy to launch himself at Ron.

He punched him hard in the face, in the stomach, and it was becoming evident that Malfoy clearly had more experience in this because Ron was losing.

For every punch Ron landed, Malfoy, who was far faster, landed at least three.

He was going to kill him.

'Malfoy, stop it!' She screamed, running over to jerk him off, but Ron pushed her out of the way.

A crowd of students was gathering, curiously watching. Each side cheering for someone.

Ron's face was covered in blood.

'Confringo!' She screamed, aiming her wand at Draco.

He immediately was blasted backwards, the spell bouncing off of him and shattering one of the nearby windows.

Rain now blew in, and this time several professors had gathered.

'What is the meaning of this?!' Professor Mcognall cried, quickly muttering a spell to freeze both the boys because Malfoy was going to spring on Ron again.

'Mr. Weasley, Mr. Malfoy, detention for you both!' She turned and glared at the crowd of students that had gathered, 'And all of you, return to your classes or rooms at once!'

Hermione was crying, not sure what to do or say. This never would have happened if they had never broken the rules.

'And Ms. Granger, I demand an explanation. I've already spoken to Madame Pomfrey. I am ashamed of your lack of insight. Skipping class to engage in a bit of...' the professor waved her hand in the air, unable to even say the words, 'I will have to give you detention too, however,'

And she glared at the boys, 'I am glad at least you had the courage to step up and stop these two fools.'

Hermione hung her head in shame.

She went to help Ron, who was bleeding profusely, 'We have to go back to the nurse,'

And she didn't see Malfoy, who bitterly watched the two of them, eyes almost watering with frustrated tears.

Malfoy turned and strode away. Nobody noticed him leave.

Everyone, thanks for the reviews and support! I understand that one reviewer has picked up on a trend in my work---I like to put Hermione through hell. I don't know why. Those are just my favorite stories. I kind of like reading the more masochistic/sadistic stories. But again, ladies [and men] always know that rape fics and stories differ from real rape! I cannot emphasize this enough! I had a friend react very negatively to what I write, but the truth is, at the end of the day, a story is nothing like the real thing. You, as the reader, have the control [where as in rape, there is none]. You choose to read or not to read.

Tell me what you think of this new chapter [I have not updated this story in ages] and review!!

Chapter 13: No Tears

Malfoy lay in the dungeons, alone and miserable. His housemates were able to recognize his moods, and he was clearly volatile. Pansy expressed horror at the site of his bloodied face but knew not to pursue him.

Beside him was an empty bottle of fire whisky.

Not even that was enough to numb his anger.

He followed Hermione because he knew she was not ill. He suspected that there was something amiss, but what he did not expect was to walk in on her and Weasley in the middle of a fuckfest.

If a professor had not been present...

If they had not been at school...

He would have killed him. He would have ripped his throat out.

His fantasies were becoming more and more vivid. Instead of imagining ways to kill the headmaster here he was thinking of all the ways he could end Weasley.

Miserable, he rolled over onto his side.

He wanted her, so much.

Weasley was the one she went to when she was upset.

Weasley was the one she laughed with, who she shared her thoughts and feelings with.

He was important enough that she would skip class, just to feel his hands on her body.

If she were a pureblood...

Hell, even if she were a half blood...

There might have been a chance.

But she was who she was, and he was who he was.

His jaw was sore.

She didn't even notice.

All she saw was Weasley.

Maybe if he could convince her, there was still time...

If she could just see...

He knew he was deluded, but he didn't care.

He just wanted her.

Malfoy squeezed his eyes closed, and ignored the desire to cry. He hadn't cried since he was six. No, he would not cry.

He took a steadying breath.

Granger was just confused.

It was up to him to show her that he was better.

He just needed to be patient. Slytherins were, if anything, patient.

Chapter 14: Truth

'I want you to tell me the truth.'

Hermione lay on her back, the ground still wet from the rain.

She couldn't move. He used a binding spell.

Above them the full moon shone, illuminating the roots that they collected for Professor Snape, for detention.

He was leisurely thrusting into her, and her eyes were blurred by tears.

'Why can't it be me.' A tremor went up his body, and then he sighed, releasing his seed into her. 'If you start screaming, I'll do you again. So be a good girl and answer my questions.'

He's crazy. He's absolutely crazy.

She felt him lift the silencing spell, and she took a deep breath, looking from him to the school, which they could see in the distance.

How come no one can see this?! Where is everybody?

'Hermione, I want to know why you chose Weasley.' He was staring at her intently.

Is this a sick joke? Is he serious? He just raped me and wants to know why I date Ron?

'I-I-I-like him.' She stammered, afraid he would hurt her again, 'Y-you hate me.'

Malfoy hesitated, then gently caressed her arm.

'But what if, hypothetically, I didn't hate you.' He paused for a moment, 'What if I wanted you the way he wants you. What then?'

She gaped at him.

Malfoy was not confessing to her, right?

Shaking her head, she started to laugh. A light, frightened giggle, 'I don't get it—'

An explosion of pain.

Stunned, it took her several moments to realize that he had hit her. He had hit her hard.

And now he was angry again.

She couldn't help it. She started to laugh, and then she began to cry, because this wasn't supposed to happen.

Malfoy threw her on stomach, and cast the silencing spell.

And then he lifted her up, and pressed the tip of his dick against her anus.

Hissing he frantically shouted, 'Is it funny, my feelings for you? Do you think I want to do this with you? I hate you! I fucking hate you, because you make me want to do this to you all the time.'

He jerked her head back, pulling her hair and she sobbed soundlessly as he smashed his lips against hers in a bruising kiss, 'I am out of my mind, and then you try to fuck him, right in front of me, who has more right to you. I'm the better man, I'm the one whose had you longer, and then—'

He was mad, shaking her frantically, and she cried, but he did not stop, 'and then you laugh at me!'

He pushed her away, and then began to slowly force his cock into her ass.

She frantically wriggled, trying to escape the awful burning pain.

'Let this be a punishment. I hope it hurts, because it wouldn't even begin to equal the pain you cause me I would kill you, I think, just to keep you away from him.'

He sighed, satisfied that he was balls deep.

'You'll forget this, but your body won't. I hope every time you see him you feel the urge to flee because deep down, you'll know that if you don't, you'll be punished.'

Malfoy was crying. He knew she couldn't see his face.

He was crying because it was so fucking unfair. Everybody got what they wanted except for him.

And when he finished, and she lay whimpering silently in a ball, he felt something in him die.

It was those eyes that finally pushed him over the edge. Wide, and full of fear.

It was like a weight had been taken away.

She will never love you.

It was a fact. One of the unchangeable truths of this world.

But that doesn't mean you can't have her.

Gently, he petted the top of her head.

And what was the closest thing to love, but hate?

I'm wondering if I should make this a stand alone or make it a prequel to 'You Won't Know'. Your thoughts people??

Adiva great comments. It is supposed to be unhealthy. But I don't see Hermione as pathetic in this story. I sort of see her more as a normal teen, dealing with teen issues. Probably the biggest plot hole is how she is consistently overwhelmed and then obliviated [I don't think that would happen in the canon, at least not more than once].

Her and Ron are def. that annoying love-dovey couple. But it felt good to see him throw a few punches at Malfoy! Malfoy was unravelling, but maybe he isn't anymoresomething has sort of snapped in him...

Chapter 15: Number Two

People to erase:

1. *Headmaster*
2. *Weasley*
3. *Potter*

Draco studied the list. It felt satisfying, writing his goals down. Like he was finally moving forward. The order was unimportant, although the headmaster was surely his priority since it was his mission.

After erasing Hermione's memories, he decided that he could do one of two things: entertain these delusions—that she could return his feelings—or be the center of her attention by provoking her hate. The former was near impossible, but the latter was easier said than done.

'Don't you find it interesting, how hard they try?'

Draco carefully folded the parchment and placed it inside of a special box that only he could open.

'What?' He wasn't paying attention, hadn't been, for a while. It seemed that Pansy had been talking for some time.

'Potter, Weasley, even Granger. They clearly are zeroes, but they always try so hard. They put on that annoying 'nice' act but no one is really like that. It really pisses me off,' She fluffed her blond hair, 'I doubt I've ever met anyone as infuriating—or as naïve—as one of their kind. How can we not want to toy with them. They are so annoying.'

Draco agreed with her, but he didn't wish to 'toy' with anyone. No, the fake facades of his enemies made him want to shatter it, to destroy them, through any means necessary. They were the hypocrites. Slytherins might lie to get ahead, but they never lied about their natures. If anything they were the most honest of all the houses.

Pansy sauntered over to him, her skin as pale as his own. He much preferred a light honey glow...

His parents thought Pansy was 'just okay'. He knew that they had hopes of him securing him an even more well known and prestigious partner.

Pansy was just....for sex. They both knew this. And as snobby as she could be, she was, if anything, more practical than him. She knew this was just sex.

Of late, they had been having less sex and simply been hanging out with one another. He believed it had to do with his fixation on Granger and her growing interest to find a more secure partner. He had seen her with a few other guys.

'Let them enjoy their sense of security,' he coldly said, turning away, 'I need to get some work done.'

She shrugged, used to his cold dismissals. 'See you around.'

He waited until he was alone before he flung himself back on his bed.

He was going to get rid of the head master. He was going to get rid of them all, and he had an idea.

He opened the secure box, and stared at the ingredients. It was a rare....rare....poison.

Oh yes, he was going to accomplish it all. He just needed to be patient, and perhaps blend a little bit of pollyjuice...

Chapter 16: What's Wrong With Ron?

Hermione frowned.

Malfoy was staring at her. It was unusual, and different from his normal glares.

She felt uncomfortable.

Beside her, Ron tightened his hold on her waist. He sent Malfoy a chilling glare, and was it her imagination or did his face turn bright red?

Malfoy fled the great hall.

'What's the matter with him?' She asked.

'I imagine he saw something that he didn't like.' Ron scoffed.

Hermione frowned. 'How eloquent,'

Ron smiled at her, 'Thank you.'

Strange. Ron was anything but eloquent.

Harry grabbed Ron's arm, and was it her imagination, or did Ron recoil?

No.

He was smiling. But something was off. Even Harry noticed, because he commented on it.

'Just tired, mate.' He said in a rather awkward way.

She exchanged a glance with Harry, '...okay. You've been acting weird.'

He frowned, and shrugged, 'Sorry I can't be perfect every day.'

Hermione opened her mouth, 'No that isn't—'

'I get it. Fine. I'll just, you know, go rest up since I have to dance to your tune all day. Good day.'

They stared after him, confused.

'Did he just say 'Good day?'

Hermione looked at Harry, 'I know. I don't think he's ever said that phrase since we've met him.'

'Hermione, what's the matter with him?'

She shrugged helplessly, 'I don't know.' A pause. 'But I'm going to find out.'

Chapter 17: Kill

'I am going to kill you!' Ron hissed, aiming his wand at Malfoy.

Hermione lay on her side, nursing a broken arm.

'Lemme go!' Malfoy shouted in wide-eyed fear, but Fred & George held fast.

Harry knelt next to Hermione, checking for injuries.

'I was just on my way potions,' she babbled, 'I was going to potions—'

'Fuck it, I am going to kill you Malfoy,' Harry said in a voice so low it was barely audible.

He raised his wand—

Chapter 18: I Want You Draco

Three Hours Earlier

Hermione fully intended to investigate Ron's odd behavior, but the moment she tried to he immediately distracted her with delicious kisses.

Before she could even get a word in, he had her on her back.

'RON!' she giggled, her face bright red.

He put his hand over her mouth, and she felt a shiver go up her spine.

When she was still, he brought a finger to his lips, signaling silence.

What has come over you?

But she was silent, and watched with delight as his fingers slid under her knickers.

There was a devilish gleam in his eyes as he pushed her panties aside.

She couldn't help it. She arched her body upwards, seeking out those fingers wanting, no, needing them inside of her. She felt wanton, brazen, and not for the first time, deliciously naughty.

She was thinking of doing nasty, bad things. Things that, should anybody know, would greatly altar their perception of Hermione Granger. And in spite of it all, she couldn't help but embrace these feelings as unequivocally natural. This was Hermione Granger.

Wet, wild, and completely turned on. She wanted him.

Ron seemed to read her mind, and instead of giving her what she wanted, he felt it necessary to torture her.

He pulled his pants down, along with his briefs, and exposed nearly eight inches of hard, erect cock.

She whimpered.

He grasped it at the base, and began to slowly work it himself, masturbating in front of her.

With the fingers of his free hand—which had only moments before been pumping fingers in and out of her pussy—he slid the digits into his mouth and sucked, licking her juices off.

'You're so wet,' He huskily said.

She moaned, too turned on to be shocked by his words. If she were more clear headed, she would realize that Ron never spoke dirty to her...

But all rationale had gone out the window. She couldn't think, she couldn't analyze, she could only feel. And what she felt was like liquid fire, running through her body, making her out of her mind with a violent restless need.

She wanted to get up and forcibly jerk him down onto her, but he was far faster.

Lightning fast, he took hold of her hips, using just one hand, and pinned her down. She marveled at his strength, taking a primitive delight in his ability to overpower her.

But instead of giving her what she needed, he persisted in teasing her.

Still pumping his dick with his hand, he moved closer so that the head of his penis was poised at her entrance. And then he began to rub the head against her, exerting enough pressure but not nearly enough to give true satisfaction, and began to rub it up and down against the slit.

He made a point to circle her clit with the head, releasing a sharp hiss of pleasure himself as he held himself still.

Hermione was struggling to escape his hold, pumping her hips upwards as if that would somehow make him enter her.

'Do you want me?' He demanded.

'Yes!' She cried, feeling as if she would go mad. She was so, so close..

He casually slipped the head of his cock in, heightening her need.

She glared at him. This wasn't fun, this was absolute hell—

'What do you want Hermione?' He lightly said, cruelly pulling out only to enter the tip, just the tip, in.

He did this idly, watching with undisguised delight the myriad expressions of frustration and anger wash across her face.

'I want you, please—'

'You have to be more specific,' he demanded.

She dug her nails into the arm pinning her, hoping she broke the skin, 'I want you to fuck me.'

She hoped that would be enough, but no, he was going to make her say it, no matter how embarrassing—

'With what, my love?'

She collapsed, releasing a sob, 'With your cock. Please, fuck me—'

He released his cock and placed both hands on her shoulders, and leaned so close that his lips were almost touching hers.

'Tell me that you love me.'

'I love you!' She brought her hands to his face, touching him gently, 'I love you more than anything, I—'

He slammed his lips down on hers, kissing her brutally, in a way that she had never been kissed before, because her lips were sure to be bruised later—

And he pivoted his hips before slamming his cock into her, balls deep.

Her entire body arched at the shock of being filled with something so big, so quickly. But her body was open, ready—it was deliciously satisfying.

She wrapped her legs around him, and released short, sharp whispered cries as he began to pump in and out, fucking her hard and fast.

She couldn't think, as wave after wave of pleasure washed over her. She was so close, so close, she could almost taste it and then suddenly—

Heaven.

Her body began to spasm as her senses became overwhelmed and her orgasm washed over her.

It was another minute before he came, and she was moaning, in pleasure, in pain because her nerves were fried and the continued pressure—where his pelvis met her clitoris—was too much

to bear it was almost painful.

He buried his face in her neck as he came, filling her womb with hot cum. Her toes curled, and she wrapped her arms around him, running her fingers through his hair. She delighted in the feeling. It made her feel feminine, wanted, and loved.

For several moments neither moved, but gradually reality came back. And so did the practical Hermione.

She tried to sit up but he would not release her.

'I have to go to the library to finish up a paper, Ron and then I have to get to potions. So come on,'

He didn't budge, and she laughed, 'I promise to meet up with you later, after dinner. Come on.'

He squeezed her breast but reluctantly let her go. 'Could you call me something else. I'm kind of tired of 'Ron'.'

She laughed, 'Really? And what should I call you? '

He looked thoughtful, 'How about 'Pure Blood Master.'

Her smile disappeared, and she reeled back, as if slapped.

She immediately forgot the happiness of a few moments ago.

Ron burst out laughing, 'It was a joke, a joke!'

She shoved him away and began to angrily put on her clothes. 'Well your jokes suck.'

She pulled her clothes on angrily stormed from the room.

The door slammed shut.

And Ron Weasley lay on the bed, barely covered by the sheet.

And slowly his face changed.

If Hermione had been there she would have fallen over in shock.

Because the face of Ron Weasley was no longer Ron Weasley.

It was Draco Malfoy.

Hey readers, I am being kind of greedy...but can I please have reviews/feedback?? I am struggling with moving this story forward. I want to write other things, but refuse to move on. I hate to not finish stories, and I promised magi I would finally finish it after a long hiatus. Don't want to let him/her down! But I feel as if I am banging my head against the wall and struggling with how to move this forward. Thoughts? Feelings?? I am all ears!

Chapter 19: Trickery

'Care to explain to me why I am prancing about, pretending to be you?'

Malfoy ignored Zanbini, instead taking the time to rid himself of Weasley's clothing. He was in the dorm, which he found to be depressingly barren. Given the fact that they housed some of the most powerful people in the world, why did his founder deem it necessary to create such uncomfortable and oppressive housing?

It was a far cry from the comfort his home.

'I am playing a very fun game,' Malfoy finally answered. 'A game that would prove disastrous if anyone discovered me.'

Zanbini raised two dark eyebrows, 'I fail to see how that answers my question.'

Only an idiot would accept that kind of answer. Malfoy recognized that he was being very rude but gave zero fucks. He wanted everything settled, the game to be over, so that he might let go of this miserable feeling eating away at him.

Malfoy hesitated, then spun, ignoring the slight chill. He could put a shirt on later. He crossed his arms and leaned against the wall.

'What if I were to tell you that I needed to test out my acting abilities?'

Zanbini still seemed irate. 'I had to spend my free time serving your detention, and something tells me that you weren't simply acting just as I know you weren't merely forcing me to guzzle that vile concoction so you could get out of detention.'

Malfoy shrugged, 'I had to do some things. I will not say anything more than that.'

Zanbini swore in a language that Malfoy did not recognize under his breath before leaving, 'And don't ask me again until you are prepared to return the favor, fucking prick.'

Malfoy waited until he was certain he was alone, and then he quickly pulled a fresh shirt on before hurrying to his trunk. He flung the lid open and smiled at the red head.

Weasley's eyes were darting around, and he looked terrified.

Thank the dark lord his father deemed it necessary that Malfoy know his unforgivable curses. Right now the Imperius curse was his best friend.

Weasley had been ordered to remain silent for the duration of the day, and now he was going to be ordered to do something very, very naughty.

Only no one would know it was Weasley.

No, they would think it was Draco.

'I want you to rape Hermione. Make it awful. ' He smiled bitterly. Make her suffer. He wanted her to hurt.

Take her to the room of requirement. You are to use no spells that will inhibit her memory—and after you have fucked her and made her orgasm, you can return here. Do not be seen. And always remember to take more of this potion. Check the clock. If you fail then you are to kill yourself.'

Malfoy smiled cheerfully.

Weasley looked as if he were about to cry. Good. Malfoy hated the fact that he was ordering Weasley to touch her but unfortunately it was necessary to finish tis little game.

Malfoy waved him off. 'On your way now. I have homework.'

Thanks for the reviews everyone!!! If you can't tell, I took some suggestions....and am writing them out. I am very happy that you all enjoy the story!

I wonder if you can guess where this headed??

Chapter 20: Violence

Hermione was leaving the library when she was grabbed from behind.

She stared at Malfoy, who looked wild-eyed. He looked angry. And before she could open her mouth to utter a curse he hit her.

Shocked, she spun around, hitting the floor.

There were voices in the distance.

He clamped a hand over her mouth and she kicked wildly, knocking over several book in the process. He pulled her towards the hall, but it seemed the entry of students made this impossible.

So he pulled her farther back into the library, seemingly improvising whatever plan he had.

Hermione was terrified, her heart was pounding, and she was completely unprepared for what he did next. Everything was happening so fast, she could hardly take it all in. Instead, it was as if she were operating on pure instinct, fighting, bighting, kicking doing whatever she could to protect herself.

He began to fumble with her skirt.

Her stomach plunged as a wave of icy sickness washed through her.

His hands were...pushing aside her panties roughly.

She began to scream, but the sound was muffled by his hand over her mouth.

She was beginning to hyperventilate, and for several moments the entire room spun.

I can't breathe oh my god I can't breathe please don't hurt me, please, oh god I want to live!

When he removed his hand, and she was able to catch a breath, she had a moment to take in what was happening—

He had pulled down his pants and was fisting the skin around his penis. He was erect, he was hard, and he was about to thrust it into her—

Nononononononononononono!!

She began to scream while trying to get away.

He hit her. Hard.

She saw stars. No one had ever hit her . She'd been cursed, she'd endured pain before, but never had she been physically hit.

For a moment, she was stunned.

I am going to be raped. Oh god, I hope it's fast.

She lay very still. Hoping that maybe he would do this quickly, because fighting was sure to provoke his anger and she did not want to do that again. Self-preservation demanded it.

But she did not want to be aware of him doing this to her. Maybe she should provoke him. At the very least she could wake up....when it was done...

But she couldn't take the easy way out. An opportunity to escape might present itself. And while she was afraid (who wouldn't be?) she was more afraid of fading out because she could fade out and never wake up.

Malfoy leaned down and planted a messy kiss on her mouth.

His eyes were red, and wet. She barely noticed it.

Just when she thought she was to be raped, a number of people rushed in.

One of them was Ron.

And he was angry.

She felt her heart skip a beat. For once, she had the feeling of I am saved.

Behind him was Harry.

Ron leapt onto Draco and began to hit him.

Hermione scurried backwards.

I was on my way to potions. Just a minute ago I was on my way to potions, and then...and then...

She did not realize it but she was crying.

McGonagall came in, closely followed by Dumbledore.

'Mr. Weasley, stop this at once.'

Hermione was shivering. She couldn't stop shivering.

'Ms. Granger, let's go to the nurses office,'

A number of curious eyes were on them, 'To your houses at once or all of you will serve a years of detention,' the older woman snapped.

Hermione followed her, her last image of her boyfriend beating the life out of Draco Malfoy.

She was left alone for only a moment in the nurse's wing.

Hermione put her face in her hands, and she burst into tears.

I believe this story is winding down...again thank you so much for the reviews and suggestions! I think maybe three or four more chapters. I wanted to mention it earlier, but with such wonderful ideas you all should be writing fanfics!! Especially you adiva!! So many ideas, you should put them to paper and post them!

Chapter 21: Aftermath

Hermione was trembling when Madame Pomfrey arrived.

She sat on the edge of the bed, studying the young woman whose hair was a mess, a nasty bruise already forming over the left side of her cheek.

She would have to check to see if anything was fractured. But she did not want to alarm her.

'Ms. Granger,' she carefully said, never looking away, 'I am going to give you a physical examination. ' She exchanged a glance with her colleague, Minerva, who looked decidedly uncomfortable.

Hermione was shaking, but she did not protest when she gently touched her face. No fractures. She noticed bruises forming on her arms, and as for the rest...

The rest would only be learned if Ms. Granger felt comfortable answering her questions.

'You are safe right now, Ms. Granger. It is just myself and Professor McGonagall. So can you talk about what happened in the library?'

Hermione blinked rapidly, as if coming back to reality.

'I-I was on my way to potions. Oh god, I was on my way to potions. I was so shocked. It never should have happened. I-it's my fault I should have been more careful.'

It is not your fault.

But she did not interrupt the girl. She needed to hear it.

'M-Malfoy attacked me...he was trying to...he was going to...' She choked on the word, 'r-rape....'

Madame Pomfrey gently took her hand in her own, 'He didn't...?'

Hermione fiercely shook her head, 'R-Ron stopped him.' She leaned forward, 'Is he okay? Is Ron alright?'

'He's fine Ms. Granger,' Minerva interrupted, 'Rest assured Mr. Malfoy will be severely punished, most likely expelled. I am just glad that you are safe.' She held a hand to her head,

'Ms. Granger I am going to give you something. It will help you sleep.' At the girl's look of alarm she quickly said, 'You will not be alone. I promise. It will be safe.'

With this promise, Hermione was able to drink the potion. Almost instantly she began to drift.

Poppy turned to her colleague and friend, 'I have not seen a case like this in almost two decades. '

Minerva crossed her arms, 'Rest assured, Mr. Malfoy is going to find that his days are numbered here. '

And the drama continues!! Please review, and thank-you for the support everyone! We are a niche community of dark-fic lovers, so I really appreciate the support!

Chapter 22: Disturbed Plans

Leave it to Weasley to fuck things up.

If Malfoy knew the extent of his ability to ignore a command, he would have done something different. But the annoying bitch showed a surprising ability to resist orders. He never left the library.

He had wanted to be caught.

Which heavily impacted Malfoy's future because now everyone thought him to be a rapist. Of course that was true, but the fact that they knew and now his life would never be the same...he was working fast to fix things but all he wanted to do was to kill.

No one was safe from his rage.

He couldn't shake this feeling of hopelessness. Of self-hating and regret. He could not believe that he had allowed things to spiral out of control. They were going to expel him. His family would be shamed, he would be known always as a predator of women, and he would be barred from so many circles.

The fact that she was a mudblood would invite criticism and support from certain families he knew but nevertheless, his future was done. He was done. Or almost done. He was smart enough to be prepared for disaster, but he had no direction, no plan.

What would he do?

Luckily for him, he had enough potion to retain the guise of Weasley, but that would run out, as would Weasley's own appearance.

Malfoy needed to figure out how to make Weasley disappear but as himself. In other words, he needed to make Draco Malfoy disappear.

Was he willing to make such a commitment? It was not at all what he planned.

Initially he had wanted Granger to believe that Weasley was creating the potion and then living out sick fantasies as himself, Malfoy. Malfoy was going to use it as a window to step in and show her that he was not at all as he seemed.

The last thing he wanted was to live out his days as Weasley...

He considered it: waking up every morning. With that awful red hair, staring at that ugly face.

He would have to completely change. He would have to be nice to Potter.

He felt like vomiting.

Angrily he began to punch the wall.

Again and again he punched, until a voice finally got through to him.

'Ron, stop! Your hand, oh god,'

Malfoy looked down. The fists were bloody. The knuckles pulverized. Somehow the pain made it feel good.

Malfoy stared at Harry, and wished he was punching him.

But he restrained himself, with a patience he did not even realize he possessed.

Because he wanted her.

Oh god.

And he felt hot tears sliding down his face.

'Ron...' Harry took a step forward.

'Fuck off!'

Harry flinched, but did as he asked. He left him alone, probably thinking he was upset that Granger had nearly been raped.

No, he was upset because he was in love with her. Because right now he was throwing his future away, in order to live a lie. Just so that he could have the chance to be with her.

'Fuck, fuck, fuck!' He covered his face.

To never see his friends or family again, could he really do that?

He pictured the face of his father, whom he admired...and his mother, who showered him with affection. Even Crabbe and Goyle, as stupid as they were, were loyal.

He would give that up, just to be with a mudblood cunt.

'No, I won't. I'll go to Durmstrang. Fuck her, fuck this, I don't give a fuck!!'

He punched the wall again, but this time it was only half-hearted, 'I'm going to leave, and I won't care, I'm just pissed off at that fucking weasel and, and—'

And I love her.

He fell to his knees, and stared down at the bloodied hands.

'I love her.'

Oh oh! What a shocking realization?? What will Malfoy do next? What will my readers do next? Stay tuned!

Chapter 23: Mortal Enemies Unite

Harry was in his room when Ron appeared.

His face wore an expression he had never before seen. He looked like a stranger.

His eyes were empty and hollow, and at the same time entirely unreadable. Harry did not know if his friend would ever be the same; who would, after witnessing someone attempt to rape the one they loved?

And for it to be none other than Draco Malfoy?

'Are you my mate?'

Without hesitation, he replied, 'Of course.'

Ron crossed his arms, studying him. He seemed to be taking in every aspect of Harry, and Harry again felt uncomfortable, as if this were a stranger. Ron was not the analytical sort, and Harry was hard-pressed to ignore the sudden instinct to leave this room before something bad happened.

'I want you to help me do something. It could get us expelled, jailed, you name it. I want you to get me to Malfoy. I won't kill him. But I want to make sure that he disappears. I don't want him to even have the opportunity to cross paths with her again.'

'Ron—'

He turned, 'Fuck it. I knew it. Don't worry. I'll do it myself.'

Harry felt sick. If he said no, he might lose a friend. Hermione would undoubtedly disagree, or at least she would have prior to this. But now, who knows. She might be all about this.

'Wait. I'll do it.'

Ron froze. Several long, tense moments passed. Harry felt as if it were ages and not a few seconds, before Ron turned to face him.

He gave him a strange, almost serpentine smile. It made his skin crawl.

Harry regretted his actions.

But it was too late to change his mind.

'Okay. Let's use that cloak...'

I really want to hear what you all think ! Please review!!

Chapter 24: Lucius Is Not A Moron

'Ms. Granger, Mr. Weasley, and Mr. Potter you are wanted in the Headmaster's office.'

Professor Snape said this slowly, his eyes lingering on Mr. Weasley, before immediately turning on his heel. 'In any event, five points from Gryffindor.'

Harry's jaw dropped, 'Why--?'

'For arguing with me, Mr. Potter Gooday.'

Hermione gave him a searching look, mouthing the words 'no'.

Instead of getting angry, Ron actually smiled, as if he were laughing at some private joke.

He took hold of Hermione's hand and led her towards the exit.

She squeezed his hand tightly, and this time his eye lids lowered, something unreadable

flickering across his face before he looked at her warmly. It was odd, but ever since the library incident he was always touching her...if she weren't so on edge she would give in to his demands.

He seemed to want sex all the time. ..

She followed them in the direction of Dumbledore's office, but they were intercepted by Professor McGonagall. She seemed uneasy.

'This way,' and they followed her into an empty classroom. There was Dumbledore, and both Lucius and Narcissa Malfoy.

'Return my son, you whore!' Narcissa hissed

Dumbledore's eyes turned dark, 'Take Mrs. Malfoy to the room, please. I will not tolerate such language.'

She hissed and Hermione hid behind Ron, who was staring at Lucius Malfoy.

'Mr. Malfoy has gone missing. No one can locate him. He isn't dead, that much is clear.'

'Either my son has fled, or perhaps he met with a different fate...?' Lucius spoke slowly, his gaze moving from each person present before resting on Ron.

Ron stared at him intently.

'I don't know what you are saying,' Ron slowly said, 'Are you implying we had something to do with this....? I wish I had. Did you see what he tried to do to Hermione?'

Dumbledore raised an eyebrow, 'That is enough, Mr. Weasley.'

Harry shifted uncomfortably, 'I'm sorry, I don't know.'

Hermione looked baffled, 'Is...is he gone?' and then the horror of that dawned on her, 'will I see him again?' she looked imploringly at Dumbledore.

'Ms. Granger it seems Mr. Malfoy is not present on the grounds. Or in the woods. In fact, he seems to have...vanished.'

She swallowed. She hoped that was the case, but not knowing where he was could be just as scary. What if he found her? To finish off what he started?

Ron wrapped his arms around her possessively. 'You're safe Hermione.'

Mr. Malfoy raised an eyebrow, and then turned to Dumbledore, '...It seems my son has fled. But I know he is alive, and he will always flourish...' He let his eyes slide over Ron, lingering for a moment before moving on to Harry and then Hermione, 'Wherever he is.'

And without another word, he left, sweeping out dramatically.

Dumbledore sighed, 'You three may return to your classes, but do not hesitate to return with any

new information. Undoubtedly the entire school knows of his disappearance. Please be sensitive. I do not want to hear that any of you are fanning the flames of rumors.' He paused, 'And Ms. Granger?'

Hermione turned to look at him, 'My door is always open, should you feel the need to talk.'

Hermione nodded slowly, before turning, following Ron and Harry.

She hated to admit it, but right now, she was glad. Even if it meant his parents were upset. But she was happy to be as far from Draco Malfoy as possible.

If that made her a horrible person, then she was horrible.

I would love to hear your reviews. I am happy to move forward.

Although this story is starting to feel less and less dark to me. Am I crazy for thinking that? I think my next story will have a slightly more angsty edge...hmmm.....well, whatdo you think?

And I am happy you like it magi, this whole story got continued because of you!

Chapter 25: Imprisoned

'Malfoy, you piece of shit!'

The person lay curled into a ball. Harry kicked him again and again and again, because one time was never too much and because he deserved.

'Death is too good for your kind,' Ron coldly said.

Ron, whose entire personality seemed to have changed in the wake of Hermione's...attack.

This was their own form of justice. Both knew that they were committing an enormous crime by taking the law into their hands, but who cared? No one would find out.

'Give us a widdle smile,' Ron cruelly said.

Harry hesitated.

He was always caught off guard by Ron's cruelty, something that Harry never realized his friend was capable of. But then, his girlfriend hadn't been raped. If that were the case...

Maybe...

He was confused.

He wasn't Malfoy.

Or was he?

He thought he was someone else.

But when he looked in the mirror he saw Malfoy.

Had he lost his mind?

But I'm Ronald Weasley.

Yet every time he tried to open his mouth, they attacked him. Beat him, punched him, kicked him. Cursed him. But they never killed him.

He wanted to scream at Harry, that the person with his face wasn't really him.

Or was it?

Had he lost his fucking mind?

The person wearing his face—the one everyone thought was him, leaned close and whispered softly, 'She's mine now, Weasel. I'm the one who gets to fuck her. Every night. And that's my baby inside of her...'

Ron went crazy. He began to scream obscenities, struggling against the bonds that held him, 'Mother fucker..!'

Taking a step back, the imposter grinned and held up his wand, 'Cruciatus!'

Poor, poor Ron. I actually like him a lot [I know a lot of people don't] and I just love toruin his and Hermione's relationship because it is just so tragic. *Sigh*

Thanks for your reviews & support!!

Chapter 26: Horrifying Discovery

Hermione lay on her side.

Three months since school had been effectively closed as the war with the dark lord waged.

And she was seven months pregnant.

She gently stroked her enormous belly, wondering if it would be a boy or a girl. She and Ron had elected not to know the gender of the baby. They wanted to be surprised.

In a stroke of genius, Ron proved incredibly adept at quickly developing his own fortune away from his parents surprising everyone, especially his family.

He worked hard, moving the family up through the levels. It might be something that she would

question, but she was always tired and sleeping.

The doctors said it was PTSD—or ‘post traumatic stress disorder’ because of her violent rape. She couldn’t really care. She didn’t want to think of it. She wanted to pretend it never happened.

Ron was her pillar of strength.

She rubbed her belly, grimacing because the child was kicking. Again.

She could lay still, and endure the pain, or move and relieve the pressure on her ribs.

So she sat up.

Sighing, she went into the kitchen.

She knew she really shouldn’t drink...

But maybe just a little something would take the edge off.

She frowned.

Ron usually kept some kind of whiskey, and she was pretty certain that one shot of alcohol was not going to hurt her baby.

Let this be between you and me, baby.

As if to criticize her, it kicked again.

Sighing, she searched around the kitchen, finally finding the fancy container containing his alcohol. She opened it—

And stopped.

What?

She sniffed.

And felt something cold and icy seize her.

Because Ron, who seemed to be sipping at least twice a day from a flask (she even teased him for it), had not been drinking firewhiskey but polyjuice potion.

And who better than her would be familiar with its effects?

‘Everything alright my love?’

Turning slowly, she faced Ron, who stood in the doorway, watching her closely.

And for the life of her, Hermione was stunned, unable to say anything other than to gape at him stupidly.

Thanks for the reviews!

Mr.Sean, I appreciate the critique. I understand your frustration, and I am sure it is something many readers have been experiencing. The loyal readers of this story know that I granted a request to finish it (magi) but unfortunately I have really struggled with writing it. It's almost over, and I have to say, this is probably the most difficult story I have written because it is a struggle to finish it! I have no idea why, and I think my writing is not up to par.

Maybe when this is all finished, I will go back and edit. But thank you everyone for your support and I am glad you continue to read, even if the author is not-so-good at the moment!

And a quick shout out to my Italian fan! I had to use an online translator but thanks! Your comments made me smile! Sei fantastico!

Chapter 27: Bad Girl

'I said how are you?' Ron repeated.

Hermione smiled and carefully put the flask down.

'Hi darling,' She hoped her smile was convincing, 'I missed you,' but really she wanted to say who are you?

Ron came closer and kissed her softly.

'You weren't about to drink, were you?

She laughed and was sure she sounded like an idiot, 'I was actually examining the container because I was thinking of buying you a new one. That one is so ugly.'

He stared at her closely, and then his face relaxed, 'I like that you were thinking of me, but I happen to like that one. Why don't you go rest.'

She smiled even more broadly, 'You always think of me...'

Turning, she began to slowly walk away, wobbling.

She made it the door, when he called to her, 'Oh, and Hermione?'

Hermione turned, and stared at his side profile. He was screwing the lid back on and carefully placing it back on its shelf. Without looking at her, he lightly said, 'You are a really fucking awful liar.'

For a moment, she stared in horror, too shocked to move.

Then it was like slow motion, an awful movie played out right before her.

She turned on her heel, but was slow because of the baby, and nearly fell over. She was running, pulling her wand out and screaming a stun spell but it missed, shattering a window.

She made it towards the stairs, took them two at a time, but he grabbed her from behind, lifting her up, stronger than she ever anticipated.

Hermione kicked and struggled.

His mouth was next to her ear and he whispered softly, 'Way to ruin my plans. Everything was going so well.'

That alarmed her even more.

'Do you know who I am? I bet you don't. I'll give you a hint: my father is a wealthy supporter of the ministry...'

Her heart was pounding so fast, she could not believe this was real—

'...I was a member of Slytherin...'

Her eyes widened in terror.

'NO!' and she bit him, hard.

He released her, but because she was shaking wildly, she fell down the stairs, and the last thing before she lost consciousness was Ron's—no—Malfoy's horrified face.

Chapter 28: Once Upon A Time

When Hermione awoke, she was laying in bed.

She frowned. Because this was not her bedroom.

It was rather ostentatiously decorated—reminding her more of a harem than her own room.

Silk hung from the ceiling, plush carpets littered the ground.

She looked down.

And frowned.

She stared for several seconds.

And then she began to panic.

Because her stomach was flat.

There was no baby.

Frantically she spun around, rolling off the bed—and ran smack-dab into none other than the

one who haunted her nightmares.

Draco Malfoy stood casually by the door.

Hermione immediately scurried backwards, pulling the covers around her as if it would offer some sort of shield.

'Who-what?'

Draco shrugged.

'Don't worry. Our child is fine. She's in the other room.' He looked upstairs, indicating she was in the room above them, 'But you should calm down. This is your first time being fully aware in days—'

'What the FUCK did you with my baby? And where the hell is Ron?' her voice was high-pitched and hysterical.

Malfoy did not move.

'Ron is rotting in some cage in the middle of nowhere. You might like to know why, so why don't you stay still, and I will tell you the whole story.'

Hermione was going to be ill.

'Once upon a time, there was a boy who got his way in all things. You might say he was...spoiled.' He smiled slightly, 'And one day the boy met a girl. He really, really wanted her.'

She felt her skin crawl, because his voice was now filled with longing, and he watched her closely, 'But the boy could not have her, because her blood was impure. She was a foe.'

Malfoy crossed his arms, 'So what did the boy do? He was very angry, and blamed the girl for many years for something she could not control. He was very...immature. And eventually that hatred exploded. One day the boy cornered the girl and raped her.' He paused, looking at the ground, 'And then he erased her memory. Because he knew what he had done was wrong. But he still did not want to face his feelings. He was so cruel to the girl....'

He paused, 'And then the girl betrayed the boy. She gave herself to another.' His lip curled angrily, 'So the boy figured out a way to keep the girl. He let himself get caught raping the girl—who was already pregnant with their baby—and then set up her despicable lover. He fed him polyjuice, that way the boy could live on as the lover---giving the girl what she wanted and letting him have what he wanted.'

He cocked his head to the side and watched her, 'But the girl was too smart for her own good. She figured out his secret, and tried to run away. So the boy acted fast. There was an accident, and she fell down the stairs. The boy was scared. He thought she would die. And that inspired his new idea.'

Malfoy smiled wickedly, 'The boy faked the girl's death, and brought her to this room, where she would live in comfort. Always dependent on the boy. The girl's disgusting lover was forgotten, and the boy re-emerged from hiding, his name cleared with the power of his father's money. '

He flung a newspaper at her, and she stared, shocked: Hermione Granger dies, along with unborn child in accident. Husband missing, presumed to be dead.

Malfoy smiled again, 'Now I can have what I want.' He stood, 'And don't worry. My family is alright with this 'arrangement' since it is hidden, like a filthy secret but then that's what you are Hermione, isn't it? But don't worry. I can make you happy, if you just let me.'

Hermione shook her head, 'What did you do with Ron, YOU FUCKING PSYCHOPATH!!'

He sighed, 'Do you really want to know? Let's just say that my favorite spell, obliviate, was used on Mr. Potter. So we may have 'forgotten' about his location...and so he may have wasted away. Starved to death. What a painful way to go. Forgotten by everyone. Killed by your own best friend.'

Her head was spinning. She couldn't take it. It was sensory overload.

She fainted.

Malfoy sighed and came closer. He carefully re-arranged her so that she lay beneath the covers and picked up the covers.

'It's kind of bittersweet, my love, this ending. But at least I have you now...'

I couldn't resist. Cliché ending. Aww yea!

But the ending kind of inspired me maybe I will do a separate story that involves her being imprisoned somewhere???

I will continue to work on my Lumione story [I am so behind in it!] and of course, I am very interested in trying to writing a dark, moody, atmospheric story next. Heavy on the angst. The violence will be more restrained. I want to write something more realistic. What do you think?

For those who say, hell no, give me the violence, then I recommend the Lumione story. It is probably going to be the most violent story I have ever written to date.

Magi, I want to apologize because I do feel that this story has been a little subpar. But I was afraid that if I didn't finish it I would disappoint you and maybe never go back to it. I hope to someday work on it again and improve it. Thanks for your support, and thanks for insisting I go back and finish this because I never would have without you!!

And of course, thanks for the motivating comments! I will continue to right more dark stories, because they will always be my fave!!